

WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

VOL. IV.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1806.

No. 12.

THESPIAN DEPARTMENT.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF

WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY,

COMMONLY CALLED

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

(Continued from page 81.)

THE following day he was announced for the interesting part of Young Norval, in the tragedy of Douglas. His performance of this part, it was justly thought, would afford a fair test of his real capability; as the character, without requiring any violent stretch of the imagination, might, in some degree, be assimilated to his years and figure. The deriding, as well as the 'admiring throng,' now made a point of attending the theatre; and the next day, the whole town of Belfast, with scarcely any exceptions, were of one sentiment concerning him. He not only confirmed the favourable impression of his first performance, but he displayed new excellencies of a very high order, and such as are supposed to be of the most difficult attainment. The jealousy, rage, and despair of Osman, a usual gradation of passions, were more easy to represent than the chastened spirit and modest heroism of the gallant Douglas. It was thought impossible that a boy could be

brought to comprehend or to pourtray these nice effects of contending principles. He played the part with such unaffected, yet energetic simplicity, that the most incredulous were satisfied, and his fame, among the inhabitants of Belfast, was firmly established. He next played Rolla with equal success, and afterwards Romeo, which concluded his engagement.

In the mean time, Mr. Jones, the manager of the Dublin Theatre, had heard of this dramatic prodigy; and soon after his last performance at Belfast, offered him an engagement on very advantageous terms. After some negotiation, the particulars of an agreement were settled, by which he was to play nine nights at the Theatre-royal, Crow-street. As the young gentleman's talents and importance were now become manifest, Mr. Betty very prudently resolved to contribute every means in his power to bring forward and mature so rare a genius. With this view he solicited Mr. Hough to attend his son in his excursion to Dublin, as well as in all his future engagements; both for the purpose of continuing his instructions, and for taking the superintendence of his theatrical interests and conduct. Mr. Hough having conceived a strong attachment to the boy, as well as a sanguine hope of his future eminence, accepted the proposal, and immediately resigned his situation in the Belfast theatre. From that time to the present he has directed his

whole time and attention to his celebrated pupil, and their strong attachment to each other is a proof that the appointment was mutually agreeable. On the nature of Mr. Hough's abilities as an instructor, the public are enabled to decide: he is certainly entitled to great credit for the care and judgment with which he has fulfilled his trust.

His first appearance at Dublin was on Monday, the 23th of November, 1806, in his favourite part of young Norval. He was announced as the young gentleman who had acquired the appellation of the Infant Roscius, being only twelve years old. The house was crowded with company of the first rank; and such was his reception in the character, that the play was repeated on his second night of performing with increased attraction. The third night he played Frederic, in the comedy of Lover's Vows, in which he was, if possible, still more successful than before. His representation of that character is, indeed, generally admitted to be one of the most perfect performances of the modern stage. He played the whole nine nights of his engagement to the most brilliant audiences, and with a great increase of reputation to himself, and of profit to the managers.

While he remained at Dublin, Mr. Jones was so sensible of his eminent talents and of his importance, as an acquisition to the theatre, that he became very

solicitous to secure to himself so valuable a treasure. He offered, accordingly, to engage him by articles for a term of years, at a liberal and increasing salary; but Mr. Betty very judiciously thought proper to decline the proposal.

The engagement with Mr. Jones being completed, his friends were induced to accept an offer of playing six nights at Cork, from Mr. Peros, the manager of a respectable company of comedians in the south of Ireland. He opened with Hamlet, on the 21st of December, and afterwards played Romeo, Douglas, and some other characters. The house was so full every night, that numbers of the inhabitants of Cork and its neighbourhood could not possibly get an opportunity of seeing his performance. An agreement was therefore made with Mr. Peros, to extend the engagement for three nights longer. That his power of attraction was beyond any thing ever witnessed in that city, will appear from the following circumstance. Besides Mr. Peros' theatre in Cork, which was formerly occupied by Mr. Philip Asfley, and adapted for his performances, there is another belonging to the Dublin manager. In this the Dublin company play regularly several months in the year, and it is of course accounted the principal theatre. The nightly receipts of this house frequently do not exceed ten pounds; yet it is an assured fact that Mr. Peros, during the performance of the young Roscius, received upwards of one hundred pounds every night.

By this time the fame of his extraordinary success had reached as far as Scotland, and he now received a proposal from Mr. Jackson, the Edinburgh manager, to play a few nights in that city. The offer was accepted; but as Mr. Jackson's season was then far advanced, it was agreed that he should first perform at Glasgow the ensuing spring, and afterwards fulfil his engagement at Edinburgh. This interval enabled him, after completing his nine nights at Cork, to accompany Mr. Peros' company to Waterford; where he performed four nights, with as much encouragement from the inhabitants, and as much advantage to himself, as could reasonably be desired.

His friends now thought it advisable to begin their journey to the north as the spring was approaching, and it was desirable to be in a convenient situation for

the passage to Scotland. This long journey, almost from one extremity of Ireland to the other, in the depth of winter, was of course extremely tedious and fatiguing. However, it was happily completed without any accident. And he once more joined his old friend Mr. Atkins, at Londonderry, where it had been agreed that he should play six nights, as the Glasgow theatre was not to open for some time. Having completed this engagement with the same good fortune which had hitherto attended him, they set forward for the place of embarkation to Port Patrick. Most unfortunately, in their way to the coast, Mrs. Betty was seized with a very severe and dangerous illness, which obliged them to stop at an obscure village on the road. Here they were detained for more than five weeks, under the most disagreeable circumstances; the weather being very inclement, and scarcely any medical assistance to be procured. At the end of that time she recovered sufficient strength to go forward, and at length, after many difficulties, and a most stormy passage across the Channel, they arrived in safety at Glasgow.

(To be continued.)

PAULIN;

OR, THE

HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

In continuation.

HAPPY those whom a pure piety, exempt from a vain and ridiculous superstition, directs towards the sanctuary of religion, and, who inspired with a desire to do their duty, address themselves with confidence to the eternal Author of all created nature. Every action of my life has been preceded by a religious act, how little important soever; and, so far from considering the proposition of my friends as a superstitious weakness, I acquiesced in it with gladness.

As soon as mass was finished, I saw confidence shine in the eyes of the venerable pair; and this discovery made me feel so much pleasure, that I left the church more confirmed than ever in the resolution to oblige Capt. Wilkes.

"Well, my dear Paulin, (said Bertrand to me,) what inspiration?"—"Excellent! And you Madame Bertrand?"—"Upon my word, my friend, I am inclined for you to lend the money; and I think I am not mistaken in thinking, that we are all of the same opinion."—"You are right, wife. Paulin, you will now take two hundred and fifty louis d'ors, that have been paid me within these four days on your account. But, a *terrore*; do you know where the Captain lodges?"—"No; but Mr. Durant will give me his address."—"That is not necessary, since I know it; he lodges at the Red Lion."

I received the two hundred and fifty louis from my friend Bertrand, and then made the best of my way to the Red Lion, my heart palpitating with a mixture of joy and fear. Now, thought I, suppose he should refuse me? Suppose he should be offended at my offer? How am I to address him? I cannot say to him abruptly, Sir, your humble servant: knowing you have need of six thousand francs, I bring them you praying you to accept them? Why not? Is there any need to confound oneself in vain and useless discourse, to announce to a real gentleman, that you are determined to serve him? The conclusion of these reflections brought me near to the Captain's lodgings; and I fully determined to make him my offer without many words, and as laconically as possible. The chamber door was open, and he pacing to and fro, so much occupied in thought, that I repeated to him, again and again, "Sir, your servant; Sir, your humble servant; Sir, I come to talk with you;" without his stepping, or even casting a look towards me. At last he perceived some person was in his chamber, and asked me abruptly enough, in his jargon, half French, half English, what I wanted? "Sir, I come, that I may have the honor"—"I do not know you; leave the room." This reception disconcerted me so much, that I had not strength to speak. The Englishman looked at me with a sort of astonishment, (perceiving I did not quit the room.) "Who the devil sends me this young man? Is it Mr. Broucke who has commissioned you to ask for his demand? Go, and tell him, that to-morrow I shall be his prisoner; But leave the room." I could neither retire, nor explain to him the motive of my visit; but I had mechanically drawn from my pocket my five *rouleaux*, which I presented to him. He advanced towards me, then

receded some paces backwards, and said, "explain then, Sir, what is your business. What do you present to me there?" "Six thousand franks."—"Six thousand franks! and who sends you here?"—"Nobody, Sir."—"This young man, appears to me very singular. Sit you down, and give me some explanation."

I obeyed, keeping my *rouleaux* at the same time in my hand, and making every effort to banish my childish timidity, and to inform him. The Captain remained silent, and observed me with inquietude. When I thought I had summoned courage enough to enter into an explanation, I ventured to tell him, that I was one of the clerks of the late Madame Molard, at whose house he had been the preceding evening. This name awakened all his attention; his countenance brightened up; he drew his chair nearer mine; saying, that he then recollected me to be the young man who introduced him into the counting house of the first clerk. "Is it from him, (said he) that you come?"—"No, Sir; it is on my own account. M. Durant related to me [the unfortunate event which has befallen you; I could not hear the recital without feeling real pain: six thousand franks will, I understand, free you from your embarrassment; I am happy enough to possess that sum, and here they are, if you chuse to accept them."

"Captain Wilkes changed colour several times; and rising hastily from his chair, he took some strides across the room, speaking English. A little more calm, he came, and seated himself again, took me by the hands, which were then free, and looking steadfastly at me, large big tears ran trickling down his cheeks as he spake: "Young man, you are willing to lend me this money?"—"Yes, Sir, that is my intention; to refuse it, would affect me very sensibly."—"You have confidence enough in me to lend me this sum?"—"Yes."—"But you may want it."—"The most pressing want of my heart is to be serviceable to you."—"Excellent young man! Who are you?"—"An orphan, who had the misfortune to lose his parents at a very tender age; who found an asylum in the house of a virtuous man, that was lavish of his cares for me."—"You were obliged! Yes! and you deserve to be so."

I then told him simply, and ingeniously, the events of my life, with which he

seemed affected; and said to me, with an accent of the most lively gratitude, "I accept your money, young man; and I flatter myself you will not have reason to repent the confidence with which you honor me."—"O! yes; you may believe me such: I will this instant give you my note."—"Your note, Sir? It is perfectly useless."—"How, what! you would have me accept your money without giving you a guarantee! "My guarantee is your fidelity; and when confidence, and a lively desire to be servicable to you, brought me hither, the title that you offer me is absolutely useless."—"Young man, you are a protecting angel to me. No, never shall I forget your kindness; and in accepting the reward of your labor, I dare even pray you to add another instance of kindness."—"Speak, Sir."—"It is to do me the favor to go yourself to the implacable Mr. Broucke, pay him his money, and receive of him the fatal letter of exchange which has given me so much trouble and uneasiness. This service is worthy the generosity of your heart."—"I will go there, Sir, this instant."

In short, I repaired immediately to Mr. Broucke's; I flew rather than walked; so true it is, that the pleasure of a good action transports us, and gives us an extraordinary strength. Mr. Broucke was somewhat astonished when I presented him with the money that Captain Wilkes owed him, and could not help asking who had sent the money?—"Captain Wilke's himself." Ah, ha! I thought by pressing him, he would find means to pay. Unfold these *rouleaux*; count me the pieces they contain; for you ought to know, my child, that money is worth being counted." I did not allow him time to repeat his order; I could easily perceive that Mr. Broucke was one of those men who have a great regard for money; and as soon as they were correctly counted and examined, he returned to me the Bill of Exchange, which I made haste to restore to Captain Wilkes.

It would be difficult to paint the gratitude with which this generous Englishman was penetrated: he did not show it by vain protestations, it appeared in every feature in such expressive characters, that I could easily read what passed in his heart.—"You will dine with me, M. Panlin?"—"Sir, I cannot have that honour."—"You shall dine with me; a refusal on your part would be too great a mortification for me. If you have any other bu-

siness on hand, you can attend to it, and return here at one o'clock precisely."—"Since you insist upon it, Sir, I will avail myself of your indulgence."

I hastened to give father Bertrand and his wife, an account of the success of my proceeding: they wept with joy, and applauded the good action I had done with all their soul. I must confess, their approbation gave additional value to the new trait in my character.

After leaving my good and worthy friends, I directed my steps homeward, very uneasy at the reception I should meet with from Henrietta; and not without some fears that she would be greatly out of humour with me, when she found I had disposed of three-fourths of my capital in favor of Captain Wilkes.

Henrietta was coming out of the house just as I reached the door: I approached, and addressed her, saying, "My dear friend, will you always remain ill-disposed towards me?"—"I have no answer to give you, Sir."—"If so, our conversation is already finished."—"Which you are not sorry for."—"You seem out of humour, Henrietta?"—"I choose to be so. As for you, you are never so."—"No, I have only one regret, that of seeing you angry with me."—"That is what you very little regard."—"You do not do me justice, Henrietta."—"But too much. Why did you leave the house so early?"—"To pay my respects to M. Bertrand and his wife: you are not ignorant of the sacred obligations by which I am bound to these worthy people."—"No; no more than I am that you were with them at seven o'clock mass; and afterwards went home with them, and took from thence two hundred and fifty louis, which you were in eager haste to carry and offer Captain Wilkes, who has determined to accept them."—"It is the exact truth, Henrietta; and, without enquiring by what means these facts are made known to you, I shall content myself with acknowledging to you that these things are really so."—"Accept my sincere compliments on the occasion; and remember, that there now no longer exists any farther connection between us."—"Having so said, Henrietta left me, in spite of all my endeavours to detain her.

(To be continued.)

Labour if you wish to reap; think if you propose to write.

PICTURE OF HIGH LIFE.

A GERMAN STORY.

WHO COULD HAVE BELIEVED IT?

THERE lived in Vienna a young man of rank and fortune, who bore a strong resemblance to many other young men of that and every city, for he was a dupe to all the follies of fashion and high life. He combined a flexible heart with a handsome person: it had cost his mother a great deal of trouble to make him what is called a *beau*; but, by indefatigable diligence, she had at last effected her purpose. All the ladies, consequently, loved him, and he loved them all in return. It has been said that once or twice his attachments have even been of more than a month's duration, but never did he impose any constraint upon himself or the object of his affections, by an irksome fidelity. He possessed the nicest powers of perception, whenever any word or look summoned him to victory; but he always had the good manners to pay every attention to the clock, when it announced the hour of parting.

With these qualifications, he was certain of success among the ladies. He paid his devoirs to all, was encouraged by all, and courted by all. In one of his moments of forgetfulness, our hero had returned home before supper. Happy is he who feels the time least oppressive when at home—he belongs to the better kind of men. Our young Count threw himself upon the sofa, stretched his limbs, yawned, and so forth. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was married—No wonder that he should have forgotten it, since he himself only just now recollected it. “Apropos” said he and rung the bell—a servant entered.

“Go to your mistress, and ask if I may have the pleasure of seeing her.” The servant listened attentively, not believing the testimony of his own ears. The count repeated his orders, which the servant at length obeyed, shaking his head as he went. The countess was the amiable daughter of a country gentleman—she was a flower, which, from the pressure of the court atmosphere, drooped, but did not quite wither;—to avoid *ennui*, she had no resource but to swim with the tide of high life. She and her husband sometimes met—they never

avoided, nor ever courted, each other's society. Before marriage they had seen little of each other, and after it they had no time to devote to such an employment. There were people enough who spared the count the trouble of admiring his wife's perfections, and if they made no impression on her heart, they, at least, gratified her vanity.

Her husband's message was delivered to her at a moment when her state of mind was much the same as his:—she knew not what to think of this unexpected visit:—she replied, however, that she should be happy to see him. He entered—hoped he was not troublesome—took a chair—made remarks on the weather—and recounted the news of the day. The conversation, as far as related to the subjects of it, was quite common, but his vivacity, and Amelia's genius, inspired it with interest. The time passed they knew not how: the count looked at his watch—was surprised to find it so late, and requested permission to sup with his wife. “With all my heart,” replied Amelia, “if you can be content with my homely fare.” Supper was brought—they eat, and were merry, without being noisy. This calm pleasure possessed, to them, the charm of novelty: they were pleasant without wishing to appear so, as is generally the case with most people. They were quite new acquaintances—the hours flew swiftly away, and the time for retiring to rest being arrived, the count took leave of the countess, highly pleased with his visit.

The next day he was invited to a concert, and did not learn, till it was too late, that one of the virtuosos being ill, the concert was deferred. How was he to pass the tedious evening? He enquired, as he passed, after his wife, and was informed that she was somewhat indisposed.

“Well,” thought he, “common civility requires that I should wait upon her, and ask her personally how she does.” He sent a message, requesting that he might be allowed to sit with her till supper, and, was very politely received. He was cheerful, lively, and gallant. The supper hour arrived, and this time Amelia begged him to stay. He had been invited to a casino party after the concert, notwithstanding which he remained with his wife, and their conversation was quite as pleasant, and less reserved than that of the preceding visit.

“Do you know,” said Amelia, “that the party to which you were invited would find a little trouble in discovering the cause of your absence?” He smiled, and paused for a few moments. “I must tell you something in confidence,” began he at length, while he was playing with his fork, “something which you will perhaps think rather candid than gallant: you cannot imagine how much you are improved since your marriage.”—“My marriage!” answered Amelia, in a jocular tone, “I believe it took place about the same time as your own.”—“Very true, my lady,” replied he, “but it is inconceivable how so happy an alteration can have taken place in you. At that time—pardon me—you had so much rustic bashfulness, it is scarce possible to recognize you:—your genius is no longer the same; even your features are much improved.”

“Well, my lord,” rejoined the countess, “without wishing to return the compliment, all that you have said of me, I thought of you. But, upon my word,” added she, “it is well that no one hears us: for it almost seems as if we were making love.” The dialogue continued long in the same style, till Amelia at length looked at her watch, and, in a fascinating tone, remarked that it was late. The Count arose unwillingly, slowly took his leave, and as slowly retired to the door—suddenly he again turned round.

“My lady,” said he, “I find it very tedious to breakfast alone—may I be allowed to take my chocolate with you?”—“If you please,” answered Amelia, and they parted, still more pleased with each other.

The next morning it occurred to the count that these frequent visits to his wife might give rise to scandalous reports. He therefore desired his valet not to mention the circumstance to any one.—He then put on an elegant morning-dress, and went softly over to Amelia.

Amelia had just risen, in the most cheerful humour. The bloom upon her cheek rivalled the blush of morning. She was animated, witty—in short, she was enchanting, and her husband, in an hour, discovered how much pleasanter it was to breakfast in company, than to sit alone, and opposite a glass, gazing at his own person, and looking into his own yawning mouth.

"Why don't you come here every day," said Amelia, "if my company is pleasant to you?" He answered that he feared his presence might prevent the visits of others.

"I shall miss no one," replied she, "as long as you indemnify me by your society."—"Upon my word," said the count, "I have more than once wished that I was not your ladyship's husband."—"Why, so?" demanded Amelia. "That I might be allowed to tell you," returned he, "how much I love you."—"Oh! tell me so, I beg," cried she, "if only for the sake of novelty."—"Fear not," answered the count, "I hope, my lady, I shall never so far forget myself; but we have had, I think, two very agreeable *tete-a-tetes* at supper—how if you were this evening to allow me a third."—"With all my heart," answered the countess. The appointment was on both sides exactly adhered to. Their conversation was this time less lively, less brilliant—they gazed at each other oftener, and spoke less; the heart began to assert its influence, and even arrived so far, that they once, during a pause, involuntarily squeezed each other's hand across the table, although the servants were still in the room.—*Who could have believed it?*

Amelia very plainly perceived that it was late, but she did not look at her watch. Her husband made not the smallest effort to depart;—he complained that he was somewhat tired, but not sleepy. In a word, from this day they parted in the morning, instead of midnight, because they were then both ready to break-fast together.

The count, enchanted with his new conquest, accompanied Amelia into the country, where they, with astonishment, discovered that the theatre of nature, and the concert of nightingales, surpassed all other theatres and concerts. They at first thought of staying only a few days—every morning they intended to depart, and every evening they changed their intentions. When autumn, however, approached, they returned to Vienna. The same evening they went to the play, and our hero had the courage to sit in the same box with Amelia!

Who could have believed it? To such a dreadful extent may a man be led by one thoughtless step. Ye happy husbands in

high life, take warning by the mournful example of our count.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

THE uncommon method which Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, employed to obtain the friendship of Banier, so celebrated for his attachment to his prince, and distinguished for the many victorious battles he fought, deserves to be recorded. Perhaps there never was a king who adopted such means to get a friend.

Gustavus's father, Charles X. whose reign was marked with cruelty, killed Banier's father. One day, when Gustavus was hunting with the young Banier, he requested him to quit the chase, and ride with him into a wood. When they came into a thick part of it, the king alighted from his horse, and said to Banier, "*My father was the death of your's. If you wish to revenge his death by mine, kill me immediately; if not, be my friend for ever.*" Banier, overcome by his feelings, and astonished at such magnanimity, threw himself at Gustavus's feet, and swore eternal friendship for him.

CURIOUS COMBAT.

TWO gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard, and the other a German, having rendered Maximilian II. many great services, they each, for recompence, demanded his natural daughter, Helena Scharfequinn, in marriage. The prince, who entertained equal respect for them both, could not give either the preference; and after much delay, he told them that from the claims they both had to his attention and regard, he could not give his assent for either of them to marry his daughter, and they must decide it by their own power and address: but as he did not wish to risk the loss of either, or both, by suffering them to fight with offensive weapons, he had ordered a large bag to be brought, and he who was successful enough to put his rival in it, should obtain his daughter.

This strange combat, between two gentlemen, was in presence of the whole imperial court, and lasted near an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, Andre Eberhard, baron of Tatbert,

when he had him in the bag, took him on his back, and placed him at the emperor's feet, and on the following day he married the beautiful Helena.

FABIUS MAXIMUS.

THIS great man went on horseback to meet his son, Quintus Fabius Maximus, who had just been created Consul. The young man seeing his father approach him, without descending from his horse, commanded him to dismount. Fabius immediately obeyed, and embraced his son. "It rejoices me," said he, "to see that you conduct yourself like a consul."

This great Roman thought it more honourable to have a son, who knew how to maintain his dignity, than to see himself respected by the first magistrate of the republic.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

WHEN Marshal Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, "My Lord Duke," says the Marshal, "you have beaten to-day the best troops in the world."—"I hope," replied the Duke, "you except those who have had the honour of beating them."

DR. JOHNSON.

GARRICK was once present with Dr. Johnson at the table of a nobleman, where, amongst other guests, was one of whose near connexions some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner. Garrick, who sat next to him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt the thread of his narration; but all was in vain. The Dr. proceeded, and when he had finished the story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever. "Thrice," said he, "Davvy, have you trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now, if what I have related be a falsehood, convict me before this company." Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met "his father's ghost."

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1866.

VARIOUS important events are said to have taken place in Europe; but none of greater moment than the following, as published in the *Norfolk Ledger*, translated from a French paper.

Strasbourg, Nov. 17.

The city of Vienna has just opened its gates for the first time to a victorious army. This glory was reserved for Frenchmen. Our troops have entered it. An extraordinary courier who arrived here last night, brought this intelligence, but at his setting out the emperor had not arrived there. He was, however, immediately expected to make his solemn entry into that capital, and afterwards repair to Munich; where a congress is to be opened for the re-establishment of peace, overtures for which have already been made. It is confidently asserted that the king of Prussia will employ his mediation, and that count Haugwitz, who was lately at Vienna, will repair for this purpose to Munich.

Gold and Silver Medals of the immortal WASHINGTON, have lately been executed at Washington, under the inspection of men of science and ingenuity. The price of the gold medals is 50 dollars—the silver 5 dollars.

FRANCISCO SON, the Spaniard, who was apprehended on suspicion of having murdered a rigger of the name of Graham, in Charlotte street, in the month of June last, had his trial on the 9th inst, in the court of oyer and terminer, at the city hall. The jury brought in a verdict of **GUILTY**.

On Monday morning, the barn belonging to Mr. John Poillon, on the south side of Staten-Island, with six horses, hay, grain, &c. was consumed by fire. Last year this time, it is said he met with a similar loss. It is singular that in this neighbourhood, there is a barn or two burnt every year.

The Masons of the French Lodge, No. 73, at Philadelphia, gave a grand banquet to General MONROE, on Saturday the 28th ult.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Only a few days since, a *petite maitresse* wore her hat in an oblique direction, her hair at the side, and her comb with the upside down; now good taste orders that her ringlets, the hat and the comb, should be in their natural position. The most fashionable combs are still in the basket shape. The *montres de cou*, which, for a time were only a fancy jewel, are now in almost general use. They are sometimes of mother of pearl, enamelled and gilt, in an Egyptian vase, entirely gold, in the shape of a perfume box, set with pearls, &c. They are also of the shape of the chalice of a tulip, chased.

The bodies of the carriages have not changed their shape; they are still of the Gondola fashion, excessively rounded, and very low. Contrary to custom the carriage is frequently of the same colour as the body, but picked out in gold. At the present moment, sky blue, dark blue, vermillion and grey are the prevailing colours.

Jewellers, goldsmiths, chasers, cabinet-makers, paper-makers, all consult each others taste so much, that it is not an uncommon thing to see, in the same apartment, the tapestry, the clock, the service of plate, and the dress of the Ladies, all of the same designs.

To secure herself from the sharp winds, without adopting a winter dress, an *élegante* wears a tafta riding coat over her thin robe. These riding coats have, at the upper part of the arm, a thick plaited puffing. Grey, or hazle-wood, are two prevailing colours for this coat.

The floors of the dining-parlours are still painted in *agate*, and almost all the apartments are spread with plain cloth, with large borders of copper gilt, in relief, or embroideries in worsted, forming a striking contrast with a bright ground.

From a late London Paper.

ELEGANT BED.

ONE of the Weekly Prints, under the title *Officium cum Dignitate*, has very improperly stated, that the elegant bed just completed at an eminent Upholsterers in Bond street, is "for an exalted Dignitary of the church." The fact is, that this beautiful article of furniture is

intended as a present to Miss Sutton, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, as a tribute of fraternal affection to an amiable and beloved sister:—

This superb bed consists of a drapery, bed, with cornices, composed of various classical insignia, disposed with great taste and judgment. The festoons are trimmed with costly silk fringe, and bullions, composed of puce, orange, and white. The cornices, as well as the head and feet, are emblazoned with appropriate ornaments happily disposed, in real burnished gold, most admirably designed, and executed. The cornice is in puce and gold, relieved fancifully with white. The centre at the foot is adorned with the mitre, &c. likewise, in burnished gold, with the family arms underneath, and a scroll, signifying the name and rank of the exalted Donor. On the side cornices appear the family crest, agreeable to the heraidic costume. The head and foot compartments of the bed are stuffed *en suite* with the bed. The curtains, draperies, &c. are composed of white satin. The height is eighteen feet, including the cornice: and the other proportions are of corresponding magnitude. This uniquely beautiful article is altogether original. For lightness, elegance, and durability, it stands unrivalled, and can be put up, or taken down, in less than ten minutes.

The city Inspector reports the death of 37 persons, of whom 8 were men, 8 women, 15 boys, and 8 girls, during the week, ending on Saturday last, viz: Of apoplexy 2, cancer 1, cold 1, consumption 7, convulsions 4, debility 1, decay 2, dropsy 3, bilious fever 1, typhus fever 3, inflammation of the lungs 2, inflammation of the brain 1, old age 1, small pox 1, still born 2, and 1 of whooping cough.

Deaths in Philadelphia, during the last week, 30 adults and 15 children.

..... "all, that live, must die;
passing through nature to eternity"

DIED,

On the 3d inst. after a short illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Mr. TIRUS EVANS, bookseller of this city.

On Sunday evening last, of a lingering complaint, which she bore with great patience and resignation, Mrs. SARAH ROBINSON, wife of Mr. Wm. Robinson, and daughter of Mr. Samuel Franklin, of this city.

AS many of our recent subscribers have expressed a wish to obtain the numbers of the Visitor from the commencement of the fourth volume,—and as we have been unable, for the four last weeks, to supply our patrons with the first number thereof,—we deemed it our duty to RE-PRINT it:—those then of our friends, who obligingly commenced with the ninth number, may now obtain the preceding ones, on application at this office.

THEATRE.

ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

(NEVER PERFORMED HERE),

*A celebrated Comedy, called,***WHO WANTS A GUINEA?**

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

*A Farce in two Acts, called,***RAISING THE WIND.**

SAGE & THOMPSON,

BOOK-SELLERS & STATIONERS,

No. 149, Pearl Street,

Have for sale a diversified assortment of Books in the various branches of Polite Literature; together with a valuable assortment of Stationary.

Merchant's Account Books they keep constantly ready, such as Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Receipt Books, &c.

They also rule to any pattern, and bind neatly with Russian hands, together with, and without, iron backs.

TICKETS in the ensuing Lottery, for sale as above.

Nov. 9

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 99 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14.

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, Park, to No. 71, Nassau street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of; and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

TO THOSE WHO ARE SUBJECT TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

BARDWELL'S TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list:

Extract of a letter recently received.

"Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions; and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain quite ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to ensure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

"ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

"No. 15, Thomas street, New-York."

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Sold, by appointment, at A. Mink's, No. 102 Water street. Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433, Pearl street, and wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery lane.



JOHN JONES,

UMBRELLA AND PARASOL
MAKER,

NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET,
NEW-YORK.

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairs neatly executed.

N^o. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.

Nov. 23.

1f.



N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the
ROSE, No. 114, opposite the
City Hotel, Broadway.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, with printed directions... 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 6s. per pot, with printed directions. His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Lustrific Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

NOW IN THE PRESS,

And will be Published early in the Spring,

AN ELEGANT EDITION OF

BROWN'S FAMILY BIBLE;

By ROBERT M'DURMUT,

Pearl-street.



WASHING DAY.

—and their voice,
Turning again towards children's treble, pipes
And whistles in its sound.

THE Muses are turn'd gossips; they have lost
The buskin'd step, and clear high-sounding phrase,
Language of Gods. Come, then, domestic Muse,
In slipshod measure, loosely prattling on
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face;
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded *Washing Day*.

—Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon; for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort; e'er the first grey streak of dawn,
The red-arm'd washers come;—a chase repose
Nor pleasing smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day; the very cat
From the wet kitchen scaved, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour, an unwanted guest.
The silent breakfast-meal is soon dispatch'd
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast on the lowering sky, if sky should lower.
From that last evil, oh preserve us, heaven!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet; then expect to hear
Of sad disasters—dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapp'd short—and linen-horse by dog thrown
down,

And all the petty miseries of life.
Saints have been calm while stretch'd upon the
rack,

And Montezuma smil'd on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.

—But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual tendance; ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, tho' the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus, nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious; should'st thou try
The customary garden walk, thine eye shall see

The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crush'd beneath the weight
Of coarse check'd apron, with impatient hand
Twich'd off when showers impend; or crossing
lines

Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Wo to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable ritch;
Looks, bleak at best, and stunted courtesy,
Shall he receive; vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie,
Or tart or pudding; pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat; nor tho' the husband try,
Mending what can't be help'd, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious; the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.

I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove me
from them;

Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgences; jelly or creams,
Relique of costly suppers, and set by
For me their petted one; or butter'd toast,
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
Of ghost, or witch, or murder—so I went
And sheltered me beside the parlour fire,
There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,
Tended the little ones, and watch'd from harm,
Anxiously fond, tho' oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravel'd stockings, might have
soud'd

One less indulgent—
At intervals my mother's voice was heard
Urging dispatch; briskly the work went on,
All hands employ'd to wash, to rinse, to wring,
To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plate.
Then would I set me down and ponder much
Why washings were. Sometimes thro' hollow bole
Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles, little dreaming then
To see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant thro' the clouds—so near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men.
Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath its bubbles,
And verse is one of them—this most of all.

ADVERTISEMENT!

WANTED to hire, a servant girl,
who once condescended to do house work;
she shall have a black woman to do the
drudgery, and a white girl of fourteen to
carry her expresses to her lover. A
coach shall be at her call every afternoon
at five o'clock—twice in the week she
may attend the theatre. She would be

more acceptable if she has a taste for
novels—can dance well, and knows the
secret characters of ladies in high life in
town. To such a one generous wages
will be given.

N. B. None need apply that will not
engage for one month, as the ladies of
the present day (who hire out) often break
their contract, and slip off, to the great
embarrassment of their employer. Ap-
ply at the sign of the *glass-boot*, No. 7,
Petticoat-Lane, two doors above, and one
below the last house in the place. [Thy,

ANECDOTES.

DEMETRIUS OF MACEDON.

THIS monarch would at times re-
tire from business to attend to pleasure.
On such an occasion he usually feigned
indisposition. His father, Antigonus,
coming to visit him, saw a beautiful young
lady retire from his chamber. On enter-
ing, Demetrius said, "Sir, the fever has
now left me."—"Very like, son," says
Antigonus, "*perhaps I met it at the door.*"

PARSONS THE COMEDIAN.

THE following is told of that much
regretted and admirable comedian *Par-*
sons. A young law sprig calling on him
one day at Lambeth, found him engaged
in copying a small *Wilson*:—"Upon my
soul," says *Qui tam*, "but I like you
amazingly, so far as you have gone."
Parsons replied, "Do you think so my
boy? Well you're a young lawyer, and
may be a *JUDGE*."

TERMS OF THE VISITOR.

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A handsome title page, and table of
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of each volume.

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